

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 111.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1821.

Price 6d.

### Review of New Books.

*Memoir of the Operations of the British Army in India, during the Mahratta War of 1817, 1818, and 1819. Illustrated by Maps and Topographical Plans.* By Lieut. Colonel Valentine Blacker. 4to. pp. 494. London, 1821. With a Volume of Plates.

WE love peace, and feel much more pleasure in recording the conquests of science and the arts than the triumphs of armies or the aggrandizement of empires; but our duty as reviewers does not always allow us to consult our own taste, and we should very reluctantly pass any new work of four or five guineas' price without a notice. Hindostan, so fertile in wars, has, for the last five or six years, been the only theatre in which the British arms have been engaged; and the war there, though always of much importance as relates to our power in this mighty empire, has attracted much attention, not only from the ability with which it was conducted, but also from its results, which have added so much to our territorial possessions, and extended our sway over provinces which had so often been among the most formidable of our enemies in this quarter of the globe.

Colonel Blacker's work contains a succinct narrative of the operations of the British army during the whole of the three years' Mahratta war; it is a military commentary, written for the information of professional men only, and therefore little calculated for the general reader. The author adheres closely to the subject, and is never for a moment diverted from it by the slightest episode; it is a modest narrative, in which, although 'honour is given to whom honour is due,' yet it is in that sobriety of style, which distinguished all the military reports and despatches of the Duke of Wellington. Here are no affecting incidents, no private anecdotes, no florid descriptions, nor remarkable adventures, and yet, in a literary point of view, we consider it almost as a model for works of this de-

VOL. III.

scription; of the correctness of the author's judgment, as a military man, we confess our incompetency to judge, for we know little of sieges, marches, and counter marches, stratagems, alarms, and the other numerous details of warfare.

It will, perhaps, be in the recollection of some of our readers, that the conduct of Sir Thomas Hislop, a British general in India, who, on taking the fort of Talneir, hung the Killedar, was the subject of severe animadversion, both in Parliament and at the East India House, although the gallant officer was, we then thought, successfully vindicated; but we confess the account of the affair given by Colonel Blacker has somewhat shaken that opinion. Sir Thomas Hislop, it appears, was quite astonished to find that an insulated place like Talneir should be 'so rash as to oppose the advance of a respectable force:' and, in the first instance, he sent 'a summons to the Killedar, with an intimation of the consequences which would attend his attempt at resistance.' They did not regard the summons, nor the fire which was opened against their defences in general; but the preparations against the gates did not fail to alarm them, and 'they sent out to demand terms of capitulation. In reply they were informed that unconditional surrender alone would be accepted; and they were invited to avail themselves of this offer before the assault of the gates should commence.' The fort of Talneir is well calculated for defence, as will appear by the following description of it:—

'One side of Talneir fort rises out of the Taptee, and the three other sides are surrounded by a hollow way, varying in width from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards. The walls rise to the height of about sixty feet above this hollow, and the interior of the fort has the same elevation. The only entrance is on the eastern side, and secured by five successive gates, communicating by intricate traverses, whose inclosures gradually rise to the height of the main wall. A winding ramp, interspersed in some places with steps, ascends through the gates to the terre-

pleine of the rampart. Great native ingenuity had been exercised to render this part as strong as possible, apparently under the idea that the profile of the rest rendered it secure, notwithstanding the absence of a ditch. The ground immediately surrounding the hollow way, is cut by deep ravines, which run into it. The intermediate parts are crowned with clusters of houses which form the town of Talneir, distant from the fort about three hundred and fifty yards. The country surrounding the town is flat, but separated from it by other ravines which branch off in various directions.'

The garrison did not accept the terms of unconditional surrender, and in the evening the attack was commenced. The storming party passed through the first and second gates without opposition. At the third it was met by the Killedar with a number of Bumjams and artificers:—

'Lieutenant-colonel Conway, the adjutant-general of the army, with Lieutenant-colonel Macgregor Murray, and several others, had entered with the storming party; and it was still doubtful whether resistance would ultimately be made, for at this time there was none. They accordingly passed through the fourth gate, which, as well as the second, appeared so much out of repair, as to be incapable of being shut; but at the fifth, or last gate, they were stopped, though the wicket was opened. A hurried conversation about terms of surrender now took place. It was probably little intelligible, under the circumstances of noise and apprehension which attended it. Colonel Murray, under this state of uncertainty, concluding that there was an urgent necessity for establishing a footing such as would secure eventual success to the attack, should the enemy hold out, entered by the wicket, with Major Gordon, and about three grenadiers; but refrained from drawing his sword, to shew that he had no intention of breaking off the parley. He expected to be followed by as many men as should be able to maintain themselves in a confined situation; but four or five persons only had got in, when the enemy, apprehending the consequences, attacked most furiously, and in a moment laid them all dead except Colonel Murray, who fell towards the wicket covered with wounds. They attempted then to close the wicket; but their efforts were rendered ineffectual by a grenadier, who thrust his musket



(with a happy presence of mind) into the aperture, and secured that hope, while Lieutenant-colonel Mackintosh and Captain Mac Craith forced it open. It was held in this state during the time that the captain was, with one hand, dragging Colonel Murray through it, and warding off blows with his sword in the other. A fire was now poured in through the wicket, which cleared the gateway sufficiently for the head of the storming party, under Captain Macgregor of the Royals, to enter; and the place was carried without further difficulty, but at the expense of that officer's life. As soon as the supporting detachment could open the gate, many troops poured in, the garrison were shortly put to the sword, and the Killedar was hanged on the same evening to a tree on the flag-staff tower.\*

We quote as a favourable specimen of Colonel Blacker's style, his account of the submission of the Peishwah:—

'Two more days were lost in fruitless negotiations, before Bajee Rao consented to advance to meet the British commander. Even this concession was marked by evident tokens of apprehension; and he stipulated that he should come only five miles, and but half a mile distant from his hills; while Sir John Malcolm, leaving his force at Metawal ten miles in the rear, should advance with a small escort. Unreasonable as was this proposal, it was not rejected; and the interview took place agreeably to appointment, on the afternoon of the 1st of June, near the Keiree Ghat, where he had established a battery to cover his retreat, in case of need. Previously to this measure, which probably appeared rash to Bajee Rao, he sent his treasures into Asseerghur; and, however he might have expressed acquiescence in the terms which had been communicated to him, in order to induce Sir John Malcolm to come forward, his subsequent conduct shewed his mind was not yet prepared to abandon the flattering illusion of princely ceremony. He affected a *durbār* on coming to the ground; and seated himself under a canopy, on a thick stuffed bedding, maintaining the form of addressing him through a third person, for Sir John's information, as if he were still in the plenitude of power at Poonah. This melancholy farce was maintained about a quarter of an hour; after which he retired with Sir John into a tent, to discuss, with ease and privacy, the important topics of his future fate. This private conference lasted two hours, during which the conversation principally referred, on Bajee Rao's side, to the subject of his bitter misfortunes, and his hopes that Sir John Malcolm, as his only friend, would intercede in his favour. He pressed his solicitations with a degree of eloquence, which could have been little expected from his pre-

\* 'A recent instance, in another hemisphere, affords an additional proof, were such necessary, of the reluctance with which the forms of grandeur are relinquished.'

vious habits of supercilious form in conversation. This, however, was natural to him, and is the portion of every inhabitant of India, in a much greater measure than falls to the share of the natives of Europe, of similar rank in life. He warmly invoked the sentiments of disinterested friendship, as his sole resource in hours of difficulty, when not only the tribe of flatterers had absconded, but even adherents of old attachment were forsaking a distressed master. He designated Sir John as the repository of this inestimable and solitary treasure; for, of his three earliest and best friends, he alone remained, Colonel Close\* being dead, and General Wellesley in a distant land. But his mind was not yet humbled by all his misfortunes, to the measure of relinquishing without a struggle, the hopes of maintaining the name of Peishwah, and residing at Poonah; and Sir John's remonstrances on the fruitlessness of his perseverance, appeared to have made insufficient impression, when they separated to return to their respective camps.'

Colonel Blacker says that 'more victories have been gained in the field by British armies in India, through the bravery of the British troops, than by manœuvres of the commander;' and he gives the following pleasing and proud character of our countrymen:—

'The French make excellent light troops, for that service appears conformable to their genius; but the same cannot be said either of the English, or of the class of natives into whom English feelings, before an enemy, are infused by their officers. They love at once to encounter the very worst to which they can be exposed, and arguing from their own feelings, consider as ineffectual the cautious and indirect manœuvres of light troops. The same disposition was found in the infantry corps organized for native powers by a few British adventures. They made and received desperate assaults which quite astonished their employers; and during twenty years' active service, when the number of French and British officers in Scindiah's army were equal, only four of the former to fifteen of the latter were killed.'

'It is a pleasing fact to find the British character maintained by British subjects in all parts of the world, and under the most cheerless circumstances; and the hard service and brilliant exploits performed by these men and their corps, would do honour to any army. It would be a mistake to suppose that De Boyne's corps were officered entirely by foreigners, because his name is French; and whenever

\* 'The late Major-general Sir Barry Close, Bart., during whose nine years' residence at Poonah in a political capacity, the Peishwah had been rescued from the hands of Holkar, and his affairs placed in that train of prosperity which furnished him with the power of exciting hostility against the British government, when he ceased to appreciate the benefits of their connexion.'

they have suffered severely, the names of the officers killed and wounded are found invariably to be British. In the action between Holkar's and Scindiah's troops, in September 1802, we find on the latter side Colonel Vickers, Major Harding, and Major Armstrong; and on the former, Dawes, Catts, and Douglas, all of whom were killed, with six hundred of their men, out of fourteen hundred killed and wounded. Only one officer survived, and Major Harding was killed on the other side. In the previous year also, Holkar had attacked, under the walls of Oojein, a corps of Scindiah's, consisting of four battalions, commanded by Colonel Hessian's son. Notwithstanding an immense disparity of numbers, these battalions never broke. Three-fifths were killed, one-fifth wounded, and out of eleven officers, seven were sabred at their guns. Their names were Captains Graham, Urquhart, and M'Pherson, Lieutenants Montague, Lany, Doolun, and Haden, all British subjects.'

The volume of illustrations contains eight maps and thirty-eight plans, admirably engraved.

### *Travels of Cosmo the Third, through England, during the Reign of King Charles the Second.*

(Continued from p. 387.)

THE Grand Duke went to the King's theatre to hear a comedy, in his majesty's box:—

'This theatre is nearly of a circular form, surrounded, in the inside, by boxes separated from each other, and divided into several rows of seats, for the greater accommodation of the ladies and gentlemen, who, in conformity with the freedom of the country, sit together indiscriminately; a large space being left on the ground-floor for the rest of the audience. The scenery is very light, capable of a great many changes, and embellished with beautiful landscapes. Before the comedy begins, that the audience may not be tired with waiting, the most delightful symphonies are played; on which account many persons come early to enjoy this agreeable amusement. The comedies which are acted, are in prose; but their plots are confused, neither unity nor regularity being observed; the authors having in view, rather than any thing else, to describe accurately the passions of the mind, the virtues and the vices; and they succeed the better, the more the players themselves, who are excellent, assist them with action, and with the enunciation of their language, which is very well adapted for the purpose, as being a variation, but very much confined and curtailed, of the Teutonic idiom; and enriched with many phrases and words of the most beautiful and expressive description, taken both from ancient and modern languages.'

The grand Duke Cosmo did not remain long in London during his first



visit, but after 'seeing the lions,' and attending the King and the Duke of York, in a party, down the river to Greenwich, he set out for Newmarket, to see the races. On his way, he stopped at Audley End, the splendid seat of the Earl of Suffolk, of which three charming views are given, accompanied by the following brief notice of this celebrated mansion:—

'The entrance is into a quadrangular court, whose sides are surrounded by porticoes of stone, which, extending with perfect regularity to the distance of several bowshots, inclose a large meadow. The balustrade which runs round the court, is formed, on one side, of the letters which compose the following words:—*Sapientis est in consilio fortunam semper habere*; and on the other, with those of the motto belonging to the arms of the order of the garter, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. The interior of the house consists of many apartments, well proportioned and judiciously disposed; and of a well-lighted gallery, ninety paces or more in length, having a ceiling of stucco, adorned with arabesques, and walls lined with wainscot, which is the custom in all the houses of the English nobility, as a protection against the cold. The architecture of the palace, although it was built only sixty years ago, is nevertheless not regular, but inclines to the Gothic, mixed with a little of the Doric and Ionic. The materials of which it is composed, are brick; the ornaments of all kinds are splendid, and entirely of stone, and the roof of lead. Upon the roof is a gallery, in the midst of which rises a small cupola, containing a clock, the sound of which proclaims to a great distance, the magnificence of this vast fabric; and from the top of this is an infinitely diversified prospect of gardens, meadows, hills, woods, and vallies, which appear at different distances in the most beautiful points of view. The king is so much delighted with this place, that he is in treaty with the earl for the purchase of it, and they say, that some time ago, the price was agreed upon, but as it was not paid, the earl still retains possession.'

The English horse-race appears to have pleased Cosmo, who, not to lose any time while at Newmarket, passed his leisure either in coursing, shooting dotterels, or visiting the villas in the neighbourhood; at one of which, the country seat of Sir John Russel, he saw a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, married to Sir John, whom his highness treated with great politeness, 'giving her the place of honour.' The king was at this time at Newmarket; either from affability or in accordance to the prejudice of the times (for we scarcely think that Charles believed in the mummery), he set apart a day for

touching for the king's evil, which, we are told, he was accustomed to perform every Friday, 'according to the ancient usage of the first Catholic Kings of England, which was handed down to their successors, continued after the apostacy, and preserved to the time of the present king.' Cosmo witnessed the ceremony:—

'When his majesty was informed that all was ready, he went from his chamber into a room adjoining, where was placed on a table a cushion, on which lay the prayer-book, appointed by the Anglican ritual, for the use of his majesty. As soon as he appeared, and at a signal given by him, the two assistant ministers, dressed in their surplices, began the prayers with a great appearance of devotion; his highness standing, while they were read, in another room; from which, when the service was finished, he passed into the room in which those who were afflicted with the king's evil, were assembled, for the purpose of observing the ceremony, from the side of the door which led into the room. A carpet was spread upon the floor, and upon it was a seat, on which the king seated himself, and certain invocations in the English language, taken from the prayer-book, having been read by one of the ministers, his majesty began the ceremony of touching the patients in the part affected. These were conducted into the king's presence, one at a time, and as they knelt before him, he touched them with both his hands; after which, without interfering with the others who came after them, each returned to his former situation. This being over, the minister, kneeling with all the bye-standers, the king alone remained seated, repeated some other prayers; after which, all rising, the diseased came again in the same order as before, to his majesty, who put round their necks a ribbon of an azure colour; from which was suspended a medallion of gold, stamped with his own image, in shape and weight resembling an Hungarian sequin.'

Cosmo, on leaving Newmarket, visited Cambridge, where he was received with great honours by the magistrates and the heads of the university. He was first complimented in an address of 'congratulation in English, which was translated to him afterwards in an oration, which, 'although it was in Latin, yet being pronounced with a peculiar accent, was not less difficult to be understood, than that which followed in the English language.' A number of degrees were conferred; and Dr. Dornie, physician to his highness, was placed 'in the number of the *Bat-tegratici* of the university.' More Latin speeches, equally unintelligible to the prince, followed. Cosmo next visited the several colleges, of which his-

torical notices are given. At Trinity College, he saw a Latin comedy represented by the scholars, but could not understand it on account of the accent.

From Cambridge, Cosmo went to Northampton, where, on his arrival, 'the bells were immediately rung as a mark of joy, and being well tuned, the sound of them was very agreeable; but the ringing being continued a great part of the night, they proved a great interruption to sleep.' At Althorp, Cosmo dined with the Earl of Sunderland at his lordship's villa:—

'His highness paid his compliments to my lady, the wife of the master of the house, and daughter of my Lord George Digby, Earl of Bristol, by whom the earl had three children, one son and two daughters; and when he had spent some time in this visit, the hour of dinner arrived, which was splendid, and served in the best possible style. At table his highness sat in the place of honour, in an arm-chair, he having previously desired that my lady, the wife of the earl, might be seated in a similar one; the earl also was obliged by his highness to take his place close to him, the gentlemen of his retinue sitting separately upon stools. When dinner was over, his highness was conducted through the other apartments of the mansion, all of which were sumptuously furnished; and having observed the manner in which one apartment communicated with another, he went down into the garden, in which, except some ingenious divisions, parterres, and well-arranged rows of trees, there is little to be seen that is rare or curious; as it is not laid out and diversified with those shady walks, canopied with verdure, which add to the pleasantness of the gardens of Italy and France, but of which the nature and usage of this country would not admit.'

Oxford was next visited, where his highness was received with similar honours to those he had met with at Cambridge; and he went the same round of visiting each college in the university. The library did not appear to his highness to merit the praise bestowed on it, and at the Anatomical Theatre he saw nothing curious, 'except the skin of a man stuffed with tow; a human foot, from the end of one of whose toes was a horn growing out; and sundry animals and skeletons hung up against the wall.'

From Oxford, Cosmo proceeded to Windsor, with the castle of which he was much pleased; he then returned to town, and, among his earliest visits, went to the house of Mr. Boyle, 'whose works have procured him the reputation of being one of the brightest geniuses in England.' The eulogy on



this great man is sadly qualified, because he was not a Catholic; it is, however, curious:—

'This gentleman [Mr. Boyle] not only reduced to practice his observations on natural philosophy, in the clearest and most methodical manner, rejecting the assistance of scholastic disputations and controversies, and satisfying the curiosity with physical experiments, but, prompted by his natural goodness, and his anxiety to communicate to nations the most remote and idolatrous the information necessary to the knowledge of God, caused translations of the Bible into the Oriental languages to be printed and circulated, in order to make them acquainted with the Scriptures; and has endeavoured still further to lead the most rude and vicious to moral perfection, by various works, which he has himself composed. Indeed, if in his person the true belief had been united with the correctness of a moral life, nothing would have remained to be desired; but this philosopher, having been born and brought up in heresy, is necessarily ignorant of the principles of the true religion, knowing the Roman Catholic church only by the controversial books of the Anglican sect, of which he is a most strenuous defender and a most constant follower; his blindness, therefore, on this subject, is no way compatible with his great erudition. He shewed his highness, with an ingenious pneumatic instrument, invented by himself, and brought to perfection by Christian Huygen, of Zuylichem, many beautiful experiments to discover the effect of the rarefaction and compression of the air upon bodies, by observing what took place with animals when exposed to it: and hence may be learned the cause of rheumatisms, catarrhs, and other contagious disorders produced by air, and of various natural indispositions. It was curious to see an experiment on the change of colours: two clear waters, on being poured into one another, becoming red, and by the addition of another red, becoming clear again; and the experiment of an animal shut up in a vacuum, and the whole exposed to the pressure of the air. There was an instrument which shows of itself the changes of the air which take place in the twenty-four hours, of wind, rain, cold, and heat, by means of a watch, a thermometer, a mariner's compass, and a small sail, like that of a windmill, which sets an hand in motion, that makes marks with a pencil as it goes round; there was also another instrument of a most curious construction, by means of which, a person who has never learned may draw any object whatever. He showed also to his highness, amongst other curiosities, certain lenses of a single glass, worked facet-wise, which multiplied objects; a globe of the moon of a peculiar construction, and several other things worthy of attention.'

The account of Exeter Change, then

called the New Exchange, is very curious:—

'The building has a façade of stone, built after the Gothic style, which has lost its colour from age, and is become blackish. It contains two long and double galleries, one above the other, in which are distributed, in several rows, great numbers of very rich shops of drapers and mercers, filled with goods of every kind, and with manufactures of the most beautiful description. These are, for the most part, under the care of well-dressed women, who are busily employed in work; although many are served by young men, called apprentices, who, in order to qualify themselves for this craft or business, are obliged to serve their master for a certain time, not only in the shop, but in the house and out of doors, at his discretion; nor can they claim any exemption, except on certain specified days in the year, on which, being freed from all subjection towards their masters, they do whatever they choose; and so great is their number, that, in order to prevent the inconveniences which might arise, the government of the city finds it necessary, by a particular provision, to oblige the heads of the houses in every street to keep on foot a certain number of men, armed with spears, at the head of the street, by way of preventing the insolence of the apprentices on the days in which this freedom is allowed them, which are at the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays, and some others, according to the custom of the city, for uniting together to the number of ten thousand, (and they are supposed to amount to that number or more,) they divide themselves into separate parties, and spread over the different quarters of the city, meditating and frequently accomplishing the annoyance of the public, as it may suit their fancy, taking confidence from their numbers, and from the cudgels which they hold in their hands, (the carrying any other sort of weapon being prohibited), and this they push to such an extent, that it frequently happens, that the authority of my lord mayor has not been able to restrain their headstrong rashness; and even towards this magistrate they have not unfrequently failed in proper respect, and have treated him with contempt and derision.'

In the course of a tour through the city, we have the following brief notice of the Temple, Covent Garden, Moorfields, &c.:—

'His highness spent almost the whole of the morning in conversation, so that there was but a short time left for him to take a tour through the city before dinner; nevertheless, he went in his carriage to the College of the Temple, that is, of the Knights Templars, who, before their suppression by Pope Clement V., used to reside there; and on the pavement of the small church belonging to it, there are still to be seen many figures in *basso relievo*, representing several of these knights

in armour, with the badges of their order, from which the name was taken. The gate of London, which is contiguous to it, serves at present as a residence for some collegians, who study the ancient Norman language, in which are written the laws of the kingdom relating to the administration of justice; there are many masters appointed to instruct them, and to qualify them for pleaders. On his return, he passed by the place of the Common Garden, which is in a square, on rather higher ground than the New Exchange. Two sides are occupied by houses, one by the façade of a church, in a good style of architecture, and the other by the garden of the palace of the Earl of Bedford, the trees of which project over the walls, they not being raised much from the ground; and in the middle of the place or square is erected a pillar, on which are several sundials, which serve for emblems, enlivened by various mottos, one of which, alluding to the hours, says "Pereunt et imputantur." His highness then returned home; and there dined with him some of those lords and gentlemen who had been a little before to pay their respects to him, and his own retinue as usual. After dinner, he again went out in his carriage, extending his drive to the most distant parts of the city, as far as Moorfields, a place composed of two large inclosed squares; this leads to a second, and that again to a third, which are surrounded by abundance of mulberry trees, and add much to the agreeableness of the space of ground occupied by this grand place, which is appropriated to the sale of horses.'

A review of two or three regiments in Hyde Park, leads to a notice of the king's guards, and, among others, the Beefeaters, of whom we are told, that,—

'In the hall, called the Guard-Room, is the guard of the Manica, or sleeve (yeomen of the guard), consisting of two hundred and fifty very handsome men, the tallest and strongest that can be found in England; they are called, in jest, Beef-eaters, that is, eaters of beef, of which a considerable portion is allowed them by the court every day. These carry an halberd when they are in London, and in the country a half-pike, with a broad sword by their sides; and, before the king had his body guard, they escorted his carriage.'

His highness appears to have been determined to see every thing, and to make himself fully acquainted with our manners, customs, and amusements; hence we find him at the Cock-pit, and have a page devoted to a description of cock-fighting:—

'Attended by Lord Philip, Nevil, Gascoyne, and Castiglioni, his highness went out in his carriage to see the theatre appropriated to cock-fighting, a common amusement of the English, who even in the public streets take a delight in seeing such battles; and their partiality towards



these animals is carried to such an height, that considerable bets are made on the victory of the one or the other. To render the cocks fit for fighting, they select the best of the breed, cut off their crests and spurs, keeping them in separate coops or walks, and mix with their usual food, pepper, cloves, and other aromatics, and the yolks of eggs, to heat them, and render them more vigorous in battle; and when they want to bring them to the trial, they convey them in a bag, put on artificial spurs, of silver or steel, very long and sharp, and let them out at the place appointed for the sport. As soon as the cocks are put down, they walk round the field of battle with great animation, each watching for an opportunity to attack his rival with advantage. The first who is attacked places himself in a posture of defence, now spreading himself out, now falling, in his turn, on the assailant; and, in the progress of the contest, they are inflamed to such a pitch of rage, that it is almost incredible to such as have never witnessed it, with what fury each annoys his adversary, striking one another on the head with their beaks, and tearing one another with the spurs, till at length he that feels himself superior, and confident of victory, mounts on the back of his opponent, and never quits him, till he has left him dead; and then, by a natural instinct, crows in applause of his own victory. This amusement was not new to his highness, for he had seen it on board ship, on his voyage from Spain to England, the two young volunteers who were on board frequently diverting themselves with making two cocks fight, which they had previously trained for the purpose.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

THE first part of a new work, under the above title, has just appeared, and will be followed by a number every succeeding month. It is printed in the same size as the 'Percy Anecdotes,' and in all the qualities of elegance and embellishment, it is one of the first and cheapest publications of the day. The work, however, possesses stronger recommendations than even its elegant form or its low price—the interest and importance of its contents.

Numerous as are the biographical collections that at present exist, and valuable as we admit some of them to be, yet, from the time of Bayle to the present day, they have been but copies or abridgments of each other; it is true, new lives have been added to continue the work chronologically, but in former lives there has seldom been any attention either to obtain new facts or even to examine into the truth of those already stated. Not so, however, are the 'Lives of Eminent Scotsmen';

for, although the first part contains biographies only of persons who are so well known, that it might be supposed every thing respecting them had already been published, yet we here meet with many new facts, some new productions of the authors, and an original estimate of the talents and character of each individual. We are not led into the track of former biographers, but each is an original memoir, as much so in style and diction as if no other had ever existed.

The work purports to be by the Society of Ancient Scots, and edited by the secretary, Arthur Sempil. It is intended to embrace original memoirs of all Scotsmen 'eminent in arts or arms, in letters or science, arranged into separate classes, of poets, historians, philosophers, &c.' The first part commences with the poets, and includes memoirs of James the First, Thomas Rhymer, (not *the* Rhymer, as former biographers have invariably called him,) John Barbour, Andrew Wyntoun, Gavin Douglas, Allan Ramsay, William Meston, John Home, James Beattie, and Robert Burns.

We will not inquire whether the Society of Ancient Scots exists or not, but shall look at the work without the slightest reference to who may be its author or authors; and in going through the first part, we are led to award it our warmest praise. The work is written with great ability, and with the true spirit of a biographer, avoiding, on the one hand, a dry detail of facts and dates, and, on the other, prolix dissertation. All the important facts in each man's life, such we mean as enable us to estimate his character, are briefly related, and the necessary inferences which they warrant are drawn. The theories and speculations of former biographers are fairly weighed, and the merits of each 'eminent Scotsman' is discussed with bold independence and impartiality.

It is not our intention to attempt to abridge or condense any one of these memoirs; but, as we spoke of its originality, we shall select a few passages which appear to us to entitle it to that character. The first extract we shall make, is from an admirably written memoir of Allan Ramsay, and relates to the beautiful pastoral opera of that bard:—

'The "Gentle Shepherd," though adapted to the stage, did not make its appearance upon it till several years after its publication. The people of Scotland had not as yet thrown off those prejudices with which ages of stern Presbyterianism had

filled them, against all sorts of theatrical representations; there were, therefore, no native actors, and, of course, none who could represent a piece so entirely Scottish\*. It was the comedy of the Gentle Shepherd, however, which was destined to strike the first blow at this popular aversion to the drama; and the manner in which this came about, affords a striking illustration of the truth, that every attempt to enslave the minds of men is only productive of an ultimate increase in liberality of sentiment.

\* A printer in Edinburgh, of the name of Robert Drummond, who had been employed to print one of the editions of the Gentle Shepherd, having, after the rebellion of 1745, published a satirical poem, called the *Town Council*, containing a smart attack on Mr. Drummond, the provost of Edinburgh; Dr. Wishart, principal of the university; Dr. Webster, one of the ministers of the city†;

\* 'In a prologue to the university of Oxford, written by Dryden, he makes the following apology for the absence of several performers from England:—

"Our brethren have from Thames to Tweed departed,

And of our sisters, all the kinder hearted,  
To *Edinburgh* gone, or coacht or carted."

† 'All of them very estimable men; a circumstance which makes it the more surprising, that they should have countenanced the singularly oppressive proceedings which were adopted against the printer of this mere *jeu d'esprit*. One of the severest things in it was an insinuation that Dr. Webster, who was much in the confidence of the town council, and its right hand in all the public improvements then going on, had cost the city more claret than would float a seventy-four! There might be some exaggeration in the estimate, but as no one ever doubted this reverend doctor's love for claret, of which, even to this day, the people of Edinburgh preserve many amusing recollections, it was rather too bad to take a poor satirist to task for a mere over-measurement.

'Let us hope, that the reverend doctor himself had no active share in this inglorious prosecution; he was himself a poet of no mean pretensions; and, at his death, in the 76th year of his age, left behind him a character distinguished for liberality and benevolence. Hitherto, Dr. Webster has been little, if at all, known in the light of a poet, and his claims to that character rest, it is believed, on a single piece, which Pinkerton has printed in his *Select Scottish Ballads*, vol. ii. no. 33, without being aware of the name of the author. It is a piece, however, of rare merit; in elegance and warmth, it rivals even the effusions of Catullus. It was written in allusion to a real event—his own marriage to a lady of noble family. The following is the initiatory stanza:—

"Oh! how could I venture to love one like thee,  
And you not despise a poor conquest like me?  
On lords, thy admirers, could look wi' disdain,  
And knew I was naething, yet pitied my pain.  
You said, while they teas'd you with nonsense  
and dress,

'When real the passion the vanity's less.'  
You saw through that silence which others despise,  
And, while beaus were a-tauking, read love in  
my eyes." A.S.



and several other eminent whig characters. A prosecution was instituted against him before the magistrates, that is, before the very individuals who were themselves among the parties satirized and complaining. The judgment was such as might be expected from irritated men deciding in their own cause. They found that "the poem contained many scandalous, seditious, calumnious, and malicious expressions;" and they therefore ordered the printer, Robert Drummond, "to be carried to prison, and thence, on the 25th of November, betwixt the hours of twelve and one, to the cross of Edinburgh, there to stand bare-headed with a label on his breast, inscribed thus: "*For printing and publishing a false, scandalous, and defamatory libel*;" till all the copies seized of the poem should be burnt by the hangman; then to lie in prison till he should give bond to remove out of the city and liberties, and not to return for a year, on pain of 100l. sterling, and suffering imprisonment till the remainder of the year was run, and to be deprived of the privileges of a freeman for a year." An application was made to the court of judicary for an alteration of this unjust and cruel sentence, but without effect. Poor Drummond underwent the whole punishment awarded; his printing office was shut up; and his workmen, of whom he had employed a considerable number, were thrown idle on the town.

Among the works which Drummond had most recently printed, was the edition of the Gentle Shepherd. While it was passing through the hands of his compositors, they had committed to memory some of its most striking scenes, which they used to take pleasure in reciting among themselves; and now that they were deprived of employment by the ruin of their master, the idea happily struck them of attempting a public representation of the comedy for their common benefit. The manager of the theatre then situated in the Canongate, readily agreed to give them the use of his stage; and the great body of the public, comprehending especially the middling and lower classes, hitherto the most adverse to theatrical representations, were induced, from compassion for the fate of Drummond and his men, the victims of power, to suspend their prejudices for a moment, and to regard the humble attempt with that silent acquiescence, which, by leaving the young and gay-hearted to follow their inclinations, had all the effect of a more open encouragement. On the first performance of the opera, the house was crowded in every part; and it was repeated several successive nights to such numerous audiences, that tiers of benches were erected upon the stage to accommodate the overflow. The distresses of the suffering printers were thus in a great measure relieved; but a more general and lasting advantage, derived from these representations, was the cessation of that rooted antipathy which a religious people,

still warm with convert zeal, had, till now, persisted in maintaining towards the entertainments of the stage. The multitude being thus dragged, as it were, by sympathy for oppressed merit, to the interdicted regions of pleasure, were induced "to taste the forbidden fruit, and, pleased with the relish, they fed plenteously. Finding themselves not *poisoned* by the sweets, they returned to the feast with an increased appetite, and brought with them fresh guests to partake of the enticing fare."

It is generally known that Home, the author of "*Douglas*," incurred the censure of the Scotch presbytery, for being what Mrs. Inchbald a few years ago justly called him, "the only living author of a living tragedy." The following anecdote is, however, new to us:—

"The presbytery of Haddington, to which Mr. Home himself belonged, sent him a citation to appear before it, to answer for the great scandal which he had been the means of bringing on the sacred order; and that of Dalkeith gave a similar summons to one of his most intimate friends and inveterate admirers, Mr. Carlyle of Inveresk. Neither presbytery, however, proceeded to judgment, but referred the cases of both gentlemen to the general synod of Lothian and Tweeddale. A want of form in the reference of Mr. Home's case, caused it to be remitted back to the presbytery of Haddington; and on that of Mr. Carlyle alone, the synod were called to pronounce judgment. Mr. Home, on this occasion, shewed great spirit in defence of his persecuted friend. He attended in his place as a member of the synod, and spoke warmly in his vindication. He declared, that if there were any fault, it lay not at the door of the accused, but at his own, with whom the crime had originated; and concluded his observations in the words of the unfortunate Nisus:—

"Adsum qui feci; in me convertite ferrum  
Tantum infelicem minium delexit amicum."

VIRGIL.

"Me, me, he cried, turn all your rage alone  
On me; the fact confess'd, the fault my own;  
His only crime (if friendship could offend)  
Is too much love for his unhappy friend."

DRYDEN.

"The energy of this appeal is said to have made a sensible impression on the members of the synod, and to have had the effect of greatly mitigating the sentence which they were at first disposed to pass on Mr. Carlyle, on whom, next to Home himself, the wrath of the religious world was chiefly turned. They contented themselves with declaring, "their high displeasure with Mr. Carlyle, for the step he had taken in going to the theatre, and strictly enjoined him to abstain therefrom in time coming."

But what pleases us most in the whole volume, is the vindication of the moral character of Burns. Although

Burns is now be-praised and be-monumented, yet his neglect will long be a reproach to Scotland; and that neglect becomes much aggravated when it is defended on the score of the poet's immorality. His present biographer has, however, vindicated this great poet and amiable man, with spirit, elegance, and ability. He says,—

"It has been said, and too often repeated, that Burns, during his latter years—nay, from the very moment of entering into society—gave himself up to habits of intemperance, and died its victim. How little to be envied are the feelings of those who can take pleasure in drawing aside the veil from the social follies or weaknesses of such a man as Burns! Were the fact even as represented, does it become that country which so cruelly neglected him, to speak with severity of any alleviation which his wounded spirit may have sought from the state of humiliation and misery to which he was ungenerously consigned? Does it become those who imposed upon him one of "the meanest of pursuits," and an association with "the lowest of mankind," to talk of the excesses to which he may have fled, to lull, for the moment, the revolting sense of his degradation? But the fact has been misstated. Burns was never the dissolute man that he has been represented. He mingled much in society, because it was the only sphere in which he could gratify that strong, and certainly not injurious, passion which he possessed for observing the ways and manners of men; and because the active indulgence of this passion was the only chance which he had of escape from that constitutional melancholy which never ceased to pursue him. He was fond too, most enthusiastically fond, of the social hour which was spent in communion with men of souls congenial to his own; and, when seated with such over the flowing bowl, it is not to be wondered, that he was sometimes slow to rise. Yet, whatever might be the social pleasures of Burns, he was never the man to sacrifice to them either his business, his independence, or his self respect. The supervisors of his conduct, as an officer, testify, that he performed all the duties of his situation with exemplary regularity; the state of his affairs, at his death, shew, that small as his income was, he kept rigidly within it; and his most intimate associates allow, that, however freely he may have partaken in company, he never sunk into habits of solitary indulgence. It is *not possible*, either morally or physically, that the man who was thus regular, thus economical, thus privately abstinent, could have been the habitual slave of intemperance which some writers would have us to believe. That his constitution, naturally delicate, may have been unequal to even the limited indulgences which he permitted himself, and that his death may have been hastened by them, is but too likely. But how much does it not add to his coun-



try's shame, that possessing a man of genius, whose loss they could never repair, who could only have lived long, by living with exceeding temperance, that he was not placed in a situation where the comforts of life, the refinements of elegant society, and pursuits of a literary nature, might have removed every temptation to live otherwise than the good of his health demanded. Burns, as he tells us, lived only "for the heart of the man and the fancy of the poet;" he could not exist without a plenitude of emotions; and it was not his fault, that he was forced to seek them where alone he could find them.

'It is deeply to be regretted, that his amiable biographer, Dr. Currie, should, by lending too open an ear to idle rumours, have contributed more than even the most professed enemy could have done, to give currency to the prejudices which have prevailed with respect to Burns's private habits. Dr. C. appears evidently to have been much fortified in his erroneous impression, by the extravagant warmth with which Burns, in the course of his works, frequently breaks out in praise of our Scottish *vin da pays*; as, for example, when he exclaims:—

'O whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks!  
Accept a bardie's humble thanks?  
When wanting thee, what timeless cranks  
Are my poor verses.

Or, when he speaks of drinking a health—  
— in auld Nanse Tinnock's,  
Nine times a week!

'It seems, unfortunately, not to have occurred to Dr. C. that nothing is more common with poets, than to support an ideal character in their writings, very opposite to what they possess in real life; and that as Thomson has sung an Amanda whom he never saw, it was as possible the *Nanse Tinnock* of Burns might be a hostess who never knew him as a guest. Nor would the supposition have led him far from the real fact. When the first edition of Burns's poems issued from the Kilmarnock press, Nanse Tinnock, to whom he alluded, and who kept a public-house in the village of Mauchline, being congratulated on the conspicuous figure which she made in the poet's recollections, the good woman shook her head and said, that "the chiel had scarcely ever spent a shilling in her house."

We now conclude with a treat,—a song by Burns, not printed in any edition of his works, but which was transmitted by the poet to the *Star* newspaper, in 1789, and buried, like many other treasures, in the columns of a daily paper, until dragged forth by the industry of Burns's last and best biographer, the author of the memoir before us:—

'DELIA.

Fair the face of orient day,  
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;  
But fairer still my Delia dawns,  
More lovely far her beauty shews.

Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,  
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;  
But Delia, more delightful still,  
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enchanted busy bee  
The rosy banquet loves to sip;  
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse  
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip.

But Delia, on thy balmy lips  
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove;  
O, let me steal one liquid kiss,  
For oh! my soul is parch'd with love.

This elegant little work has pleased us so much, that we eagerly look forward to the succeeding numbers, confident that if they are executed with equal ability and good taste, the whole will form the best biographical collection that has yet appeared. The part is embellished with a group of five portraits, elegantly engraved.

*Italy.* By Lady Morgan.

(Concluded from page 390.)

THE second volume commences with Tuscany, and contains an interesting account of the public edifices in Florence, of which Santa Maria del Fiore, the Duomo, is one of the most prominent. It was commenced in 1298, under the direction of Cimabue, and the successive genius of a hundred and fifty years went to its completion. Its cupola, a miracle of art for any age, was the admiration and almost the despair of Michael Angelo, who declared that art could scarcely imitate, not rival it:—

'The Duomo, vast, ancient, and imposing within, is richly cased with marble without. Near to its ponderous mass, but isolated and unparallelled, the *campanile*, or belfry, raises its elegant and slender form above all praise, as beyond all description. This gem of architecture, which scarcely belongs to any order, and yet combines the perfection of art, was deemed by the imperial Charles the Fifth, too precious for public exposition, too exquisite for the plebeian admiration of a republican city. He was wont to say, "it should be preserved in an *étui*;" and in fact it has the air of a beautiful toy, and looks equally suited to a lady's cabinet, as to the mighty edifice to which it belongs. The *campanile* is a tower two hundred and fifty-two Italian feet in height, incrusting with precious marbles, worked into the most beautiful groupings, the perfection of sculpture; and yet this work was produced ere sculpture had a school or drawing academy,—when nature gave rules, and patronage lay in the approbation of a free people; for it is the work of Giotto, a peasant, who left his herd in the valley of Vespignano, to labour in the under studio of Cimabue, to become the friend of Dante and of Petrarch, and to die in Flo-

rence, full of years, of glory, and of wealth; sung by the first of her poets, and revered by the best of her citizens.'

In the church of Saint Lorenzo, there are several monuments to the memory of the Medici family, by Michael Angelo:—

'The first is a sarcophagus; and on either side are two colossal figures, called *Day* and *Night*. This singular monument seems to have no reference whatever to the insignificant subject, to perpetuate whose memory it was raised. Michael Angelo probably thought not of him. He may just then have had some glorious type in his own mind, and seized on the occasion thus presented by pride and wealth for realizing it. The figure of *Day* almost moves in the marble; there is a bold, rude, restless vigour in every limb and muscle, that gives it a vital character; and yet, powerful and magnificent as it is, the petulance of a genius that could not brook the inadequacy of human force to realize its inspirations, did not permit Michael Angelo to finish it. The splendid works which he left behind him incomplete, seem to indicate that he expected to have called forth perfection by a blow or a breath; and he flung away the chisel of the artist, when he could not direct it with the creative energy of a god. The figure of *Night* looks like sorrow that slumbers. Vasari has called it "*Statua non rara, ma unica*." Four beautiful lines\*, indicating its merits, were written under it, and called forth an answer† by Michael Angelo, in the character of *Night*, which, besides being exquisitely poetical, have a latent strain of plaintive patriotism that give them a two-fold interest.'

The library at Florence, built and finished by the present duke, who, though brother to the Emperor of Austria, is not such a foe to learning, contains forty-two thousand volumes, the principal of which are modern works, and include many in English.

The hall of the Capponi Palace is remarkable for its walls, on which are painted three pictures, representing events in the lives of the patriots of that illustrious house:—

'The most interesting and the best executed of these, is the famous scene between Pietro Capponi and Charles the Eighth of France. The King, after various successes in Italy, (to which he was called by the usurper Lodovico Sforza,) entered Florence with royal pomp and an immense military force, and took up his quarters in the Casa Medici, where he

\* 'La notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti  
Dormire fu da un Angelo scolpita  
In questo sasso; e perché dorme, ha vita;  
Destalà se no 'l credi, e parlaratti.'

† 'Grato mi è il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso  
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,  
Non veder, non sentir m'è gran ventura,  
Però non mi destar: deh! parlo basso.'



assumed the tone of the conqueror of Tuscany. Four of the principal citizens were sent to treat with him, one of whom was Pietro Capponi. But scarcely had the royal secretary begun to read aloud the insulting terms of the capitulation, when the deputies showed signs of indignation and impatience, and the haughty monarch, starting up, exclaimed, that he would "sound the trumpets forthwith." Then Pietro Capponi snatched the treaty from the secretary's hands, and tearing it in pieces, replied in noble language, but in bad French, "*à vous trompette, à moi cloche*;" and turning his back on the King, went forth followed by his fellow citizens, to ring to arms, and to oppose the energy of free citizens to the military force of a barbarous invader. This act of Capponi, perilous and imprudent as it was heroic, saved the city. The inhabitants made their own terms, and Charles marched peaceably out of Florence\*. The painter has chosen the moment when Capponi tears the paper from the hands of the secretary, whose astonishment, as well as that of the courtiers, and the stifled rage of the King, are well expressed.

In an account of the Florentine Gallery, there is an interesting anecdote of Michael Angelo. The precious antiquities accumulated in the courts and gardens of the Casa Medici, by Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the permission he allowed to the artists of Florence, to study and work from such perfect models, rendered his domestic residence a sort of public studio:—

"A youth who had engaged to work in the shop of Ghirlandajo, the painter, for three years, for the sum of twenty florins, came like others, to see these prodigies of antiquity, and from that moment the work-shop of Ghirlandajo was abandoned. One of the sculptors, struck by the assiduity of the clever boy, provided him with some materials to try his hand on. He began to copy the mutilated head of a faun; he made good its deficiencies, and produced a miracle. He was still occupied in finishing it, when a person sauntering in the gardens, stopped to consider the work and the artist, and was struck by the perfection of the first by the youth of the second. He begged the lad from his father, and assigned him a place at his table, and an apartment in his house. This host was Lorenzo the Magnificent: the boy was Michael Angelo! and the head of the faun is among the treasures of the gallery of Florence."

At the period of the French invasion, there stood at the head of the gallery and the arts of Florence, one whose enthusiastic love of both still

\* Machiavelli, in his Decennali, makes the following proud but punning allusion to this act of heroism:—

"Lo strepito delle arme e dei cavalli,  
Non puote fare che non fosse sentito  
La voce d'un CAPPONI fra tanti GALLI."

makes the subject of many a pleasant anecdote in the Florentine circles, the Cavaliere Puccini:—

"Of this arduous director of the Museum, and zealous guardian of the Venus de Medicis, the Hesperian dragon "was but a type;" one object only had ever divided his passion for the Fine Arts, and that was his taste for the gastronomic ones. Torn by contending inclinations towards his cabinet and the kitchen, he is said to have habitually confounded the phraseology of both,—to have talked of the Venus as a *cosa da mangiare*, and of *mouton à la braise*, as being of the true French school. Pointing out the best pictures of the gallery one day, to a Roman gentleman, in his usual strain of culinary criticism, he observed of one, "*Come questo quadro è butiroso*," how buttery this picture is;) of another, "*Come è midolloso*," (how full of marrow is this.) If you say another word," interrupted the virtuoso, licking his lips, "I shall eat them."

Lady Morgan accuses Mr. Acton, an Englishman and minister to the King of Naples, of transferring the Venus de Medicis from the custody of his master, to whom it had been consigned by Puccini, to France, and she speaks in very severe terms of this gentleman, whose name she devotes to national execration. She is equally severe on the last remains of the House of Stuart. 'Cardinal York,' she says, 'has left a wretched character behind him; he is said to have been feeble, sordid, and bigoted;' his brother, the Pretender, was 'a legitimate sot, who lived in a perpetual state of inebriety,' and the whole race of Stuarts, from the time of James the First of England, 'the most degenerating and degenerated royal stock of Europe.' These are sweeping assertions, but her ladyship never sticks at trifles when she wishes to be abusive. We pass over the historic sketch of Tuscany, and a sensible article on literary disputes in Italy, in order to attend our fair author on her route to the 'Queen of Cities.' The abbey of the Cassinensi, in Arezzo, contains the *chef d'œuvre* of Vasari, painted in fresco, on the walls of the refectory:—

'The subject is the feast of Ahasuerus, called in the list of that painter's works, 'Il Convito d'Assuero.' Vasari, according to the fashion of the day, has introduced himself among the courtly group of the Persian king. His handsome face is distinguishable by a long auburn beard. He has also preserved the portrait of one of the brothers of the order, whom tradition reports to have annoyed him much with idle questions, while he was painting. His manner of drawing the monk, a short, fat, apoplectic figure, is very ingenious.

He had just painted a crystal vase of water, when this *padre seccatore* entered the refectory. As he waddled towards Vasari, brim full of new impertinencies, the arch painter stretched his bulky reflection on the vase; and there it remains: for the monks, who loved a joke, (as well they might, the jolly rogues!) would not suffer it to be defaced, in spite of the complaints of their caricatured brother."

Rome has been so often and so ably described by preceding travellers, that we were not surprised at Lady Morgan's account of it presenting the least novelty of any portion of her work; we shall, therefore, only make a few extracts, the first relating to one of the theatres:—

'A play bill, fastened to the broken trunk of Pasquin, seduced us, by its tempting programme, to visit the *Teatro della Pace*, resorted to by the people exclusively, and into whose smoky and time-stricken sal de spectacle, few English but ourselves had penetrated. The announcement for the evening promised "Moses," which was asserted to be *cosa sagra e stupenda*, with a comedy and farce, *a moure da ridere* (to make you die with laughter). I think our box cost two pauls, and a few baiocchi (halfpence), placed our servant in the pit. For this moderate price, we saw the Jews fed with manna, an interlude, extremely well acted, and a farce, which perfectly fulfilled the promise of the play-bill; for Policinello was the irresistibly comic hero of the piece, which turned in some of its scenes on the ridicule of academies. The exquisite gravity with which Policinello took his place in the poetic circle, the absurdly ludicrous dress he wore, his impatience to seize on every moment of silence, with "*adezzo tocca a me*" (it's my turn now), to read a canzone, whose length was the counter part of Leporello's catalogue, combined to form a farcical scene of the richest humour; but no one who had not been present at the "real original" of this representation, and witnessed the doggedness with which the sonnetteers there pour forth their endless succession of *plattitudes*, could comprehend the convulsive roar of laughter it occasioned. The most exquisite part of the theatre was the audience, composed of what an English government newspaper would call wretches, ruffians, the scum of society—the people. Every box was crowded, and every group was a picture worthy of a Wouvermans or a Teniers. The trasteverini were numerous, and as remarkable by their dress, as by their bold, fierce, fine, dark countenances. Among the women, the different costume of the different quarters of Rome was strikingly conspicuous; but still more conspicuous was the marked expression of their varying and delighted countenances; their keen sensibility to humour, and their loud and boisterous testimony of applause. They shouted, screamed, and mingled



their bravos and bravissimos with "gran bella cosa," "cosa superba," "cosa stupenda." Meantime, the most amiable familiarity subsisted between that part of the audience nearest the stage and the performers. The prompter, with his head popped over the stage lights, talked to the girls in the pit; the violincello flirted with a handsome trasteverina in the boxes; and a lady in the stage-box blew out the lamplighter's candle as often as he attempted to light it, to the infinite amusement of the audience, who loudly applauded her dexterity. With an economy duly practised at Rome by all classes, the musicians, when they had done playing between the several acts, extinguished their candles, put them in their pockets, and joined the audience in the front of the house. In justice, however, to La Pace, it must not be concealed, that the same economical custom prevails in many theatres, not of the very first order throughout Italy.

A visit to the Palace of the Princess Pauline Borghese, introduces an anecdote of the mother of Napoleon:—

'Shortly after Bonaparte's elevation to the imperial throne, meeting his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud, half playfully, half seriously, he held his hand to her to kiss. She flung it back indignantly, and presenting her own in presence of his suite, said, "C'est à vous à baiser la main de celle qui vous a donné la vie." We observed the pictures of all her handsome children, in the room she occupied, (and where we generally found her spinning, with her prayer-book beside her;) there were four of them kings when they sat for her, with the emperor, their brother, at their head; viz. the Kings of Spain, Holland, Westphalia, and Naples, (her son-in-law, Murat.) "You see," she said, one day as I was looking on Napoleon's picture, "when my son Bonaparte [were not all her sons Bonapartes?] sat for me, I made him lay aside his crown;" which was the case.'

From Rome, Lady Morgan went to Naples, and one of her first visits was to the Royal Palace at Portici, formerly the residence of the wife of Murat. She vindicates this lady from the charge of plundering Naples, as she left the palaces superbly furnished with plate, pictures, &c. :—

'The apartments of the Ex-Queen are models of elegance and feminine taste. The bed-room, dressing-room, boudoir, and library, are eminently so; and have been left precisely as she last occupied them. Her dressing-boxes are on the toilette; a miniature of her nephew, the little Napoleon (hung by a ribbon), decorates the chimney-piece; her *dejeuné*, on an English tray, stands in the centre of the room; and some pretty *étrennes* (worked and embroidered for her by her ladies, a few days before her reverses), are scattered on a sofa. "Niente cangiate," said

the Cicerone, "except this!" (and she approached her magnificent bed, and pointed to two large black crucifixes, and a pendent vase of holy water hung at its head). "Non è quella una moda Francese." On the king and his wife sleeping one night at Portici, these sacred images were hung up for the occasion. In the dressing-room, all the necessities for the toilette, in crystal and silver, still remain; even some silver brushes, lying where the femme-de-chambre of the late fair inhabitant had left them. It is said, that Madame Murat carried even to affectation her determination of not removing any thing that belonged to her royal estate, and took only what she considered personal and private property. Portici was her favourite residence, and the numerous English and Irish nobility, whom she received there, can vouch for the courtesy and hospitality with which she did the honours of the palace.

'Murat's apartments join his wife's; they were equally luxurious, splendid, and commodious: the hangings all silk and satin; the carpets all English and Turkey; the toilette splendored and recherché, as that of the vainest petite maitresse or royal beauty. Close to this superb sleeping-room is a simple little cabinet, with a small white dimity camp-bed, where his secretary slept. Here in this little bed of the ex-secretary sleeps the Royal Bourbon—the legitimate King of Naples, when he makes his visits to Portici. It is said, that he walks about the palace in endless amusement, admiring all the elegant finery of which he has become the master; but still adhering to the little dimity bed, which resembles his own homely bed-room, in his palace at Naples. He has added nothing but a large crucifix.'

Venice is the last place of which Lady Morgan gives any account; in her route to it from Foligno, she stopped at Senigaglia, and inquired of the waiter at the inn, if the town had produced any celebrated public singers:—

'He paused to recollect, and then coolly replied, as he changed a plate, "Sì, Signora, una certa Catalini, et altri," (Yes, Ma'am, a certain Catalini and others.) The house of Catalini's father, who was a humble tradesman, stands at a short distance from the inn. She had been early in life adopted by some ladies of Senigaglia, who placed her in a musical seminary, from whence she went forth to associate with emperors and kings; while at home, like all other prophets, she is still "una certa Catalini!"

We have now patiently gone through Lady Morgan's Italy, and we are more than ever convinced of her incompetency to write on such subjects as she has here discussed. Of the state of society in Italy she knows nothing, or, at least, has communicated nothing, that has not been often and much bet-

ter detailed by preceding travellers. Her classical knowledge is excessively limited, and yet she has the hardihood to sneer at Eustace. Of the fine arts, she knows comparatively nothing, and yet she passes judgment on the matchless treasures of Italy, as confidently and as flippantly as if she were discussing the merits of a frill or a tippet. Her political prejudices alone would be sufficient to throw suspicion on every statement in which they can be supposed to have the slightest influence. Against legitimate princes, she wages a motley war; and the very word legitimate, in her vocabulary, is synonymous with every thing that is infamous; while of Bonaparte and his friends, she is an ardent admirer. With her, Murat is 'a kind-hearted man;' and so far from the French revolutionary army plundering Rome, as has been always stated, she tells us, that 'the soldiers bought white gloves to visit the galleries of the Vatican!' In our notice of the first volume, last week, we stated, that her ladyship was tolerably sparing of Italian; her knowledge of the language, however, appears to have increased as she proceeded, and the second volume is a strange mixture of English, French, and Italian. For the consolation of those not well acquainted with the last two languages, we ought to state, that an ordinary vocabulary will give all the information necessary. When we consider the self-importance of Lady Morgan, and the pompous manner in which her work has been ushered into the world, we feel fully convinced of the truth of one of her observations, that, 'whoever has wandered far and seen much, has learned to distrust the promises of books.'

*The Evils of Education, elucidated in a Letter to Henry Bankes, Esq. M. P.*  
By St. John Burke. 8vo. pp. 47.  
London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH the character of an author is not to be taken into account in estimating the merits of his work, yet we confess we should like to know something of this St. John Burke, (if there be such an individual,) were it only to decide whether we should consign him to the pity or the execration of mankind. To suppose him a maniac is charitable, but the worst maniac that St. Luke's or Old or New Bethlehem ever contained within their walls, was a rational being compared to the infuriate madman whose ravings stretch over nearly fifty octavo pages. We



are aware that many sensible men entertain doubts as to the advantages, in a political point of view, which society may derive from universal education; the subject is a fair one for discussion; but what shall we think of a man who comes with the prejudices of St. John Burke, and declares that 'among the disguised enemies of human happiness, education is the most remarkable and the most formidable,—the subtlest serpent with the loftiest crest.—Education,' says this wise-acre, 'like gems of great value and fine polish, ought to be found only where it can appear with adequate grace and dignity, as the personal property of princes, or the princely gift of courtly bards and secretaries;' and that 'beyond the battlements of the castle, without the limits of the privileged mansion, the rudest trace of letters ought never to be found. If,' adds he, 'education were as difficult of access as turtle, claret, and venison, I should feel no alarm; but when it has become cheaper than the beverage of porters, the fears of the wise are as great as they are just.' These, however, form but a small portion of the 'evils of education,' which, by 'unsettling the faith of men, would destroy at once their honesty and their happiness; they would neither pay their debts nor enjoy their food; they would cheat and steal and murder, and when brought to justice and punishment, they would refuse to be comforted, for no heaven remained for their faith.' All this would appear to be strongly contrasted by a subsequent assertion, were not the author the unblushing advocate of rulers in the 'right divinity to govern wrong.' When speaking of the dangers of education in overturning the present system of political power, he says, 'education inspires a pride of sentiment and a love of independence, which will not brook absolute and irresponsible dominion.' We hope so, and we account it one of the strongest eulogies that can be bestowed on education. What an advocate St. John Burke is for 'absolute and irresponsible dominion,' we shall see by and by.

Printing is the next object of attack; it is 'an infernal art,' the invention of which was 'the pouring out of the fourth vial of wrath, for its effect has been to scorch men with the fire of an intensity of light;' and among the vials, he declares he cannot find any curse to be compared with the universal education now proposed to be sanctioned by law:—

'Had the art of printing never been heard of, learning might still be salutary, and education might be praised, without hazarding all we hold dear; but this accursed art has realized far worse evils than all the fabled plagues of Pandora's box. That the devil should have been a party to the invention, is both natural and credible, for no art that was ever practised among men, can be compared to it, for malignity of operation and extent of mischief. By it, books of all kinds and characters are become as common as instruments of husbandry, or household furniture; by it, the maxims, the practices, and the peculiar ideas of the refined classes of men, are exposed on the stalls of the poor, vile as rotten mackerel; by it, the sober and innocent streams which flowed through humble vales, and visited lowly cottages, are converted into rivers of wine and torrents of brandy, intoxicating peasants with the insolence of sedition and the violence of treason.'

From printing, he passes on to the circulation of the scriptures, which he condemns on equally sapient grounds; he says, 'that Christianity was not designed by its divine author, for circulation in printed and cheap volumes, must appear evident to the pious, from the fact that Jesus Christ invented not the art of printing!' The reformation, he says, was, *perhaps*, in some degree necessary, 'but it has occasioned many evils, and none more flagrant than the circulation of the Bible:—

'This hideous evil has been greatly mitigated among us, by the judicious selection of lessons for the service of the church. Did the serious and devout never open their Bibles at home, but wait upon their God only in his courts, we should then be acting like the chosen people of heaven in ancient times; and piety, humility, and submission, would flourish in our land. I acquit our Bible Societies of evil intention, but malignant and extensive beyond measure is the mischief they have done. Compared to them, Paine was a holy patriot, and Cobbett an angel of light. To the general circulation of the Bible, we may fairly ascribe the existence and the pernicious power of such writers.'

There remains but one subject more on which we shall quote St. John Burke; that is his defence of the 'powers that be,' in church and state, in which he is so extravagant, that we have doubted whether he could be serious or not. Education is to him so formidable, that he sees in its progress the destruction of 'thrones, principalities, and powers;' but really were the authorities such as he describes them, education could do nothing better than accelerate their downfall. We take his own account of them:—

'The hostility of education to the ec-

clesiastical dignity and social wisdom of our church, is supremely alarming. It is impossible for the imagination of man to conceive any institution more profound in its policy, or more salutary in its power; it is wealthy, without insolence; powerful, without contention; and dignified, without envy. All degrees, orders, and characters of men find, here, their corresponding monitors in holy things; the prince is edified by his companion at the bottle and the dice; the squire, by his competitor on the turf or in the dance; the mechanic, by his model in worldly address and carnal relaxation. While the proudest peer is not above the society of the pampered prelate, the humblest peasant is not below the sympathy of the hungry curate. There is a fitness, an adaptation, in all this, so striking and so suitable as to require no further remark.'

He is a warm advocate of priestly magistrates; but, unfortunately, the very arguments he urges in their favour are sufficient to prove that the magisterial and the priestly offices should not be united. He says,—

'In ancient times, the same persons presided over the highest offices of the state and the sacred ceremonies of religion. It is further known from experience, that priestly magistrates, having their judgments directed and their feelings controlled by the holy principles of divinity, are never hampered or misled by the earthly suggestions of humanity. What magistrate, yielding to the impulse of humanity, could have performed the divine part of the Rev. Mr. Chairman Hay, on the 16th of August, 1819? Infinite are the advantages derived from their sanctified zeal against poachers and parodists, against the murderers of hares and the revilers of dignities. At elections and in all political agitations, they are the very ribs of the state. Without them, the feeble planks and unsupported junctures of the vessel would yield to the slightest storm, and sink in the vortex of revolution. O, that they alone, as in times when the sun of prosperity shone upon our island, were suffered to wield the pen, and to touch the sacred volume!'

A strong recommendation this of priestly magistrates, truly! his defence of the nobility is, however, much worse:—

'Generosity, pride, honour, and might, are the distinguishing attributes of nobility. None can be generous who is obliged to set any bounds to his bounty or his vengeance; none can display pride who is ever exposed to mortification; none can exert the true grandeur of might who can possibly recoil in weakness. Characters thus endowed are truly the Corinthian pillars of the state; men thus magnificent, irresistible, untractable, are the glory of humanity. Is there in existence a being so gross and grovelling as to think that water should always strug-



gle through rocky masses, sneak round huge fragments, or steal along the dull plain? Who delights not to see the dashing cataract and the plunging cascade? The rolling flood, sweeping whole villages along in its proud career, is the grandest object in nature. Children may scream, mothers may loudly lament, and the sensitive father may feel a moment's agony, as they are all borne away in the wild impetuosity of the generous element, but they only add to the noble interest of the scene. We feel not for the fish that rises writhing on the hook; we sympathize not with the hare that drops palpitating at the foot of the "nobler hound." Contemptible, therefore, is Pythagorean compassion for vulgar men, women, and children, terminating their laborious life by a momentary visitation of graceful sublimity. Yet what, in point of sublimity and generous power, is the overflowing flood to the dash of cavalry among a linked multitude? What is the washing away of a village to the instantaneous dispersion of one hundred thousand men, women, and children, by a chivalrous corps of yeomanry? What are the falls of Niagara to the onset of Birley? This is the order of nature still. The larger fishes feed upon the smaller; foxes live on chickens and lambs; cats devour mice. It is a senseless error to imagine all men to be of the same species. They are most distinctly two, the ruling and the ruled, the consuming and the productive, the noble and the vulgar, the gay and the sordid,—and for the former to prey upon the latter is as natural, right, and conducive to the general good, as for a cock to peck at a worm. But the worm must not be educated. *Delenda est Carthago.*

Here we will rest, for although we might go much further, yet, as Jeannie Deans says of a poor creature whose mental aberrations excite no other feeling than pity,—‘It were to be as mad as himself to listen to him;’ and we ought, perhaps, to apologize for bestowing the slightest notice on a pamphlet which is too ridiculous to be treated seriously, and is so monstrous as to carry with it its own refutation. The letter, as the title states, is addressed to Mr. Banks; perhaps this gentleman will not feel himself much flattered by the distinction, although he is complimented with the epithets of ‘most wise and worthy sir,’ ‘generous and mighty sir,’ and is described as ‘learned and full of faith.’ The conclusion is, however, rather unfortu-

\* ‘This never-to-be-forgotten hero saved Manchester from conflagration, and England from revolution, by the prowess of his arm. Greater than the force of many waters was his pith, more permanent than the flow of rivers shall be his fame.

Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.’

nate; the worthy member is told, that as a goose saved Rome, so his voice, ‘if mortal voice is destined to avail, must give the alarm and save the state.’ ‘Prodigious!’ as our friend Dominie Sampson would exclaim, were he told that the safety of the state depended on Mr. Banks and St. John Burke. Prodigious! indeed.

### Original Communications.

#### MR. WYATT'S MONUMENTAL TROPHY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I was very sorry to read, in your hitherto liberally conducted paper, a very ill-natured and unfounded attack on the monumental trophy, in honour of his late Majesty, designed and to be executed by Mr. Matthew Wyatt. Your chief cause of wrath appears to be, that the work has not been laid open to competition. The objection would have reason in it, had there been the least reason to hope, that a better plan than Mr. Wyatt's could be procured: but the honourable committee of noblemen and gentlemen, who have taken the thing in hand, were convinced, in their own minds, that a better was not to be devised, and this being the case, you must confess, that it would have been a great piece of affectation in them to have pretended to advertise for a better. The style in which you criticize Mr. Wyatt's design, shews that you have no taste for the grand in art. Every person qualified to give an opinion on the subject, has pronounced it to be, on the whole, one of the noblest conceptions ever attempted to be embodied in sculpture. But, besides, what injustice would it not be to open a door for depriving Mr. Wyatt of the benefit of his own scheme or invention? It was Mr. Wyatt who proposed the monument; it was Mr. Wyatt who brought the committee together; and it was Mr. Wyatt who, at a vast deal of personal trouble, got up the grand public dinner in honour of the undertaking. And what man of justice or feeling would say, that it would now be a right thing to turn Mr. Wyatt adrift, and give some other person the benefit of the execution of the plan? You say there is nothing in the idea of a monument. The same thing might be said of some of the greatest inventions of which the world is possessed. The most important discoveries always look wonderfully simple after they are known; the

merit of finding them out is, however, still the same.

Your's,  
PHILO-WYATT\*.

### The Family Trunk,

No. VII.

BY MOSES VON MUCKLEWIT, GENT.

#### THE ASS.

AMIDST the multifarious variety of my father's lucubrations, he would occasionally direct his researches to Natural History, and more particularly to that portion of it, which embraces the history and peculiar characteristics of such animals as live upon the most familiar footing with the human race. Hence it was, that he had collected an incredible mass of learning of the most curious interest, relating to dogs, cats, cows, horses, sheep, and the whole tribe of creatures, even the most minute, that are known to frequent the ‘haunts of men,’ and with the very near familiarity of some of which many people, no doubt, would very gladly dispense. But, be this as it may, it must in conscience be acknowledged, that my father, in the ardour of his inquiries on this subject, had gone a little too far,—farther, perhaps, than his own nice and scrupulous delicacy would, at other times, have allowed him. There are, therefore, a few of his collections in this department of my FAMILY TRUNK, which it behoves me, in filial reverence for his memory, to conceal from all mortal eyes but my own.

Now, of all animals, whose history and attributes my father had thus delighted to discuss, none stood higher in his estimation or had a greater share of his favour than the ass. Not that he had any particular *penchant* for asses in common, such, I mean, as we are constantly jostling in our ordinary avocations:—it was the *genus* not the *species*,—it was the ass of nature, not the ass of the world, that thus engaged my father's fond partiality. And the more was this the case in proportion as he contemplated the unjust and oppressive treatment which this meek and much-calumniated creature had, at all times, experienced,—its very name having, most unwarrantably, passed into a proverbial synonyme of every thing mean and contemptible.

It was to vindicate his unhappy favourite from this load of indignity, that

\* We have inserted the above defence of Mr. Wyatt on the same principle that the Earl of Blessinton stated the committee to have adopted the plan,—not that it is the best, but because it is the only one that has been offered.—ED.



my father so humanely took up his cause, with which view he made a voluminous compilation of all the favourable traits which history records of his character. He even went to the extent of uniting, in one digest, all the anecdotes and *bon mots* that have, at various times, been ascribed to the ass; and at the head of the latter stood his celebrated speech to the prophet Balaam, which, if duly considered in all its bearings, few of this animal's oratorical namesakes, even within the walls of St. Stephen's, have since surpassed.

It cannot be expected, that, within the limits to which I am confined, I should be able to retail even the substance of all my father's curious lucubrations. I shall content myself, therefore, with extracting from them a few of the most important testimonies as to those qualities, which historians, contrary to vulgar misrepresentation, assign to this much abused quadruped. The first that occur, relate to his courage, some extraordinary instances of which are recorded by oriental writers. In Mesopotamia, in particular, it is reported to have been so great, that he was never known to turn his back on the enemy; on which account the very name of this animal carried with it, in popular usage, an idea of human perfection, and was actually borne by one of the Moslem princes of the Ommidan dynasty, as one of his highest honours. In Egypt also, at this very day, the nobleness of this animal's carriage, and the vigour and beauty of his paces, are in such esteem, that he is employed to carry persons of the highest rank, and even the wives of the beys, in preference to the horse himself. But it must here be observed, that the ass has always been more signalized for the qualities now mentioned, in the east than in this part of the world, a circumstance which has been ascribed by some naturalists to the superior warmth and dryness of the oriental countries, and which agrees with Pliny's observation, when he describes the ass as an animal '*frigoris maximè impatiens*.' We may, therefore, reasonably conclude, that whatever we find of degeneracy in his disposition, in these colder regions, has been occasioned by his removal from those climates, which alone are congenial with the display of his natural qualities.

Another remarkable particular, relating to this insulted quadruped, is the mysterious and somewhat sacred character he has borne from the most remote times. Hence the old proverb

—'An ass carries mysteries,'—which Cornelius Agrippa, of erudite memory, who has written an elaborate panegyric on this animal, refers to the conspicuous part he acted in carrying our Saviour to Jerusalem, and to which divine example it is, perhaps, owing, that the impostor Muhammed is related by some of his biographers to have taken his journey to heaven on an ass. Nor was the apparently sacred character of this animal confined to the christian and muhammedan religions:—for Apuleius has recorded, that he was also admitted to the mysteries of the Egyptian deity, Isis; and his very head, we read, was an object of worship amongst the Nauplians, who held him in grateful veneration, for having first, by browsing their vines, taught them the art of pruning. As a proof of the reverence, in which he was formerly held in the Romish church, it is only necessary to mention the 'Feast of the Ass,' of which a full account is given by Du Cange. From this it appears, that the ceremony was common to several churches in France, and was originally established in commemoration of the Virgin's flight from Egypt. The chief actor in the scene was, on this solemn occasion, caparisoned in the richest style, and on his back was seated a young girl, superbly attired, with an infant in her arms. In this form the ass was led in procession to the altar, where high mass was celebrated with all the pomp and splendour of the popish religion. The ass was also instructed to kneel at the proper periods of the service; a hymn, in every way worthy of the occasion, was chaunted in his praise. Finally, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the priest, in order to confer on the animal all possible honour, dismissed the congregation by braying three times, and received from them in return, instead of the customary responses, a valedictory greeting of the like melodious description.

——— *Arcades ambo,  
Et cantare parcs, et respondere purati.*

We have already seen the genuine character of the ass vindicated from the imputation of cowardice, to which it has been so long and so unjustly exposed. I shall now adduce an anecdote from among my father's store, which will, I think, prove that this animal's proverbial reputation for stupidity is little short of a gross calumny.—A certain learned professor, but of what country the narrative makes no mention, once undertook to instruct an ass in the Greek tongue within a limited period,

upon being allowed a certain stipend for his trouble. Some of my readers, while reflecting upon the ill success which has attended so many modern professors (those of both universities not excepted) in a similar enterprise, may be apt here to exclaim—

*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?*

However, without stopping to notice this cavil, which would imply that our hero was not a whit wiser than asses in general, I proceed to mention, that the monarch, to whom this proposal was made, took our learned pedagogue at his word, demanding merely, on his own part of the contract, that the said professor should consent to be hanged in the event of his failure. There was, as may well be imagined, something excessively *outré*, as well as unexpected, in this stipulation; but there was no alternative. Our monarch was one of those facetious characters, yecept absolute sovereigns, and accordingly insisted on his condition being performed to the very letter:—*aut Cæsar aut nullus*, was to be the fate of the astounded professor. Many a man, in such a desperate dilemma, would have had recourse to the remedy so well known in this happy country; but our preceptor unfortunately was no Englishman, and chose rather to depend upon chances, than rush at once on a disagreeable reality, for which he had no sort of relish, notwithstanding the example of the renowned Cato himself. He accordingly set about his enterprise with becoming earnestness, and with a confidence, that might seem to be inspired by an anticipation of certain success, consoling himself inwardly, however, with the hope, that, before the expiration of the time allotted for the completion of his task, either the king, the ass, or himself might be no more.—What the event was the historian has enviously concealed from us; but, when it is considered that the celebrated Ammonius of Alexandria enrolled the ass among the students of his academy, it may not unreasonably be inferred, that our learned professor succeeded sufficiently to elude the gripe of the executioner, and especially as his pupil is so well known to possess, in an eminent degree, the qualification, which Horace appropriates to Grecians, or, as we should here say, learners of Greek.

——— *GRAHIS dedit ORE ROTUNDO  
Musa loqui.*——

Who, that hath ever heard the ass in all the majestic energy of his eloquence, will deny him the full praise of vociferating *ore rotundo*?



I shall merely observe, in addition to these few particulars of my father's favourite quadruped, that his name has, in various countries, been borrowed as a mark of high honour. Besides the case of the Moslem prince, already noticed, one of the first Patrician families of Rome bore the name of *Asinarū*, and, no doubt, well merited this enviable distinction. More than one illustrious family of Great Britain also, to their infinite credit, quarter the ass's head on their family shield. And so honourable did our hero's panegyrist, Cornelius Agrippa, before cited, deem the appellation, that he has not hesitated to apply it to the holy apostles themselves. Who, after this, shall use the name as a term of obloquy or derision? At least, who shall dare to assert, that the ass of the world is not a far more contemptible creature than the one that browses the thistle?

### Original Poetry.

#### SONG.

WHEN midnight o'er the azure deep  
Spreads wide her silken veil,  
And zephyrs light its bosom sweep,  
And kiss the shiv'ring sail;  
The weary sea boy o'er the bow,  
In musing sadness bends,  
And chides the wave that rolls below,  
And parts him from his friends.  
But should warm fancy o'er his soul  
Her magic sweetness shed,  
He eyes no more the billow's roll,—  
Its dangers all have fled.  
Sweet prospects in his bosom rise  
Of many a future day,  
When home again shall bless his eyes,  
And love each care repay.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

#### ENIGMA.

I've swam in the water and flown thro' the air,  
I've a body transparent and round,—  
And sometimes I tell you the thoughts of the fair,  
Though I never yet utter'd a sound.  
The humble in station, by my friendly aid,  
Have great riches and honours acquired:  
While some to the prison's dark cells I've betray'd,  
Who at length on the gallows expir'd.  
I stand by the judge when declaring the laws,  
His words pierce the poor criminal's heart;  
And, in fact, our courts ne'er decided a cause  
In which I have not taken a part.  
In the senate, where eloquence brilliantly flows,  
I have always secured a seat;  
And in the old attics where poets repose,  
With me you may constantly meet.  
In forming of riddles I'm frequently used,  
And perhaps it will not be amiss,  
In order that you may be better amused,  
To declare that I helped to make *this*.  
April, 1821. WILLIAM.

#### GIVE THE SPRING A CHORUS.

Now the mowers cut the grass,  
And the crop is tedding;  
Now the clouds in splendour pass,  
And the leaves are spreading.  
Young and lovely,—old and grey,  
Give to Spring a chorus;  
Dance your hearty roundelay—  
Summer is before us!  
Fruits are ripening on their trees,  
And the swallows diving;  
Flocks with lambs in pastoral ease,—  
Insects skill contriving;  
Waters near their shady hues,  
Skies are blue before us,—  
And, since this is Summer's news,  
Give to Spring a chorus! J. R. P.

#### SONNET TO HOPE.

*In anticipation of Parting.*

To live from ONE, best loved of all her kind,  
To bear a dreary distance, measured space,  
Stretching its length beyond the strong eye's trace!  
Ah! thought distressful; come, thou solace,  
bind  
These breaking heartstrings; come, sweet  
Hope! efface  
Each anxious fear, and calm the troubled mind,  
Which, losing thee, can no true comfort find.  
One cheering beam can speedily dispel  
The heaviest gloom that shades the darkest hour;  
So, when two voices falter with farewell,  
Do thou thy most delicious influence pour;  
Blend with the future memory of the past;  
Sweeten the fond embrace; the kiss, the warm-  
est and the last! L.

### Fine Arts.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE have always considered the Model Academy, if not the most interesting, at least the most original part of the exhibition at Somerset House, and we hurry with pleasure from the host of unknown ladies and gentlemen, whose unmeaning faces have puzzled the painter's skill, to have a peep at the animated productions of a Chantrey. This great sculptor, for so he really is, has no fewer than eight busts in the exhibition. Among these, the most prominent, both in point of execution and the celebrity of the individuals, must be placed those of Sir Walter Scott, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Mr. Wordsworth.

No. 1133, 'The Bust of Sir Walter Scott,' would alone stamp the character of Chantrey as a sculptor. He really seems to have been inspired with his subject, and has made the poet of chivalry and of nature live in marble. No one can look on this bust without feeling that it is one of no ordinary individual. It possesses an eye of romantic and intellectual observation, and the whole countenance is expressive

of vigorous original genius. It is the test and proof of genius to rise with the subject, and this Chantrey always does, but never more strikingly than in the present instance.

No. 1132, 'The Bust of the Marquis of Londonderry,' is a splendid effort of art. The person and the countenance of his lordship are highly favourable to the sculptor, and so happily have these been represented, that we should almost have thought his lordship had been modelled while engaged in an animated debate in Parliament, instead of when quietly sitting in Mr. Chantrey's studio. The fine manly features of this statesman beam with life and intelligence. The flesh, the hair, and the draperies, are all as distinctly marked in the marble as they could have been by the painter. This is an effort of art in which Chantrey is unrivalled. In point of delicacy of execution, this bust is superior to any thing of modern times.

No. 1134, 'The Bust of W. Wordsworth, Esq.' The countenance of the Lake Poet is rather of a reflective than an observing character, more expressive of philosophic contemplation than vigour of imagination. The profile is not unlike that of Locke, but with less intensity of mind and dignity of aspect. The bust is remarkable for truth of conception, fidelity of outline, and simplicity of execution.

Nos. 1126, 1128, 1131, 1136, and 1139, are well-executed busts by the same artist, of the Hon. Walter Charteris; Mr. Phillips, R. A. a very spirited head; a gentleman; the Bishop of Rochester; and Sir Anthony Hammond. All these bespeak the skill of a master, but they do not call for particular observation.

Westmacott has only two subjects in the exhibition, No. 1084, 'Resignation'; a statue in marble, which, though a work of considerable merit, both as to conception and execution, does not please us so much as one on the same subject by Flaxman, generally known by the name of 'Thy Will be Done'; a sentiment so beautifully expressed.

No. 1085, 'A Hindoo Girl,' a statue in marble, being part of a monument to be erected at Calcutta, in memory of A. Colvin, Esq. This is an excellent performance, by Westmacott, who has imparted great interest to the figure of the girl, whose simplicity of character, and natural attitude, are well expressed.

No. 1086, 'Caledon and Amelia';



groupe in marble; C. Rossi, R. A. This is the best production in the poetic department in the academy. The moment chosen is very judicious. It is when the ill-fated maiden hears, in the dreadful voice of the storm, her untimely summons to the grave, and when—

'In vain assuming love, and confidence  
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew and  
shook  
Her frame near dissolution.'

To portray such a scene is a task of great difficulty; but the artist has surmounted it, and the story is so told that it is impossible to mistake it; the moral beauty is exquisite; the purity, fondness, and shrinking timidity of this 'stranger to offence and inward storm,' is most happily represented, by giving to this part of the marble the most tremulous and sensitive expression, while the violence of the storm is described with equal felicity in its effect on the drapery. The confidence and manly assurance of the lover, who finds his safety to be near his love, and 'thus to clasp perfection,' is given with an elevation of feeling which approaches to the sublime. The execution of the whole is full of spirit, freedom, and delicacy.

No. 1017. 'Medallic Portrait of Captain Cartwright, R. N.;' G. Mills. On seeing this portrait, we were surprised to recognize an admirable likeness of the venerable father of reform, as he has been whimsically enough called, Major Cartwright. As we could contemplate the copy with less uneasiness than the original, and without the penance of hearing a long speech, we could not but remark the firmness of character and calm enthusiasm which the face indicates.

No. 1089. 'Temptation;' L. A. Goblet: has nothing tempting about it.

No. 1092. 'Telemachus and Hippas;' J. Buck. There is a great deal of vigour in these figures, without a very strict attention to anatomical correctness.

No. 1104. 'Bust of the Rev. Dr. Parr;' G. Clarke,—is very much like the worthy Grecian; and, therefore, not the most pleasing object of contemplation.

No. 1105. 'Colossal Bust of the Rt. Hon. H. Grattan;' C. More,—is a very animated likeness of that animating senator.

No. 1110,—is another excellent bust of the same individual, by Turnerelli.

No. 1113. 'Bust of Lady Caroline Lamb;' P. Turnerelli,—is more re-

markable for vigour and spirit than feminine delicacy.

No. 1125. 'Bust of the Right Hon. George Canning;' W. Spence. This distinguished statesman should apply for an injunction, to prevent his expressive countenance from being caricatured, as it is in the present instance.

No. 1150. 'Bust of Charles Phillips, Esq.;' C. Moor. A very rational looking face, and yet very like the 'celebrated Irish barrister,' who, we understand, is now ready and willing to display his oratorical talents in the English law courts. We wish him employment and success.

No. 1152. 'Night producing Æther and the Day: the agony of Hesiod;' J. E. Hincheliff. This is an attempt to embody a very difficult subject; and, although we cannot say it is quite successful, yet the group is graceful, and displays much genius as well as good taste.

Nos. 1153. 'Sisyphus;' a sketch; 1153. A 'Faun;' and 1154, 'David rescuing the Lamb from the Lion;' J. Gott,—are all very creditable productions.

No. 1155. 'Benevolence;' part of a monument now erecting in memory of the late Archibald Seton, Esq. at Calcutta; J. Bacon. This is the only production that this artist has contributed; it, however, does him much credit, as he has been very successful in representing this god-like virtue.

No. 1164. 'Model of his late Majesty George the Third;' R. G. Freebairn. We do not envy either the taste or the feelings of those who seek to perpetuate the recollection of the afflicting malady under which our venerable sovereign so long laboured, by representing him like an old Jew or a hermit. This has been often done in prints, and we have turned from them with disgust; and we wish that the talents of Mr. Freebairn had been more worthily employed.

#### NEW HAYMARKET THEATRE.

AMONG the improvements at the court end of the town, and immediately in the vicinity of Carlton Palace, now stands conspicuously ornamental, the New Theatre Royal, in the Haymarket. It is an elegant tasteful structure, with a noble portico, sustained by five lofty pillars, of the Corinthian order of architecture. Without side the portico, at each extremity, are the gallery doors; within are five other doors, opening to the pit, boxes, and box-office, surmounted by five win-

dows, which open into the saloon. Over the portico, is a frame of circular windows, which give light to the galleries and upper parts of the house. The whole frontage is stuccoed, in imitation of plain stone, and is unostentatiously neat and elegant.

The entrances to the boxes and pit are far more commodious than they were in the old theatre, and the descent to the pit is considerably less. The interior is extremely beautiful, and the proscenium, with an elegantly painted ceiling, particularly excite admiration. There are two tiers of boxes, built geometrically, with projecting fronts, unsupported by pillars, so that the view of the stage is completely unobstructed, and the elegant frequenters of this part of the theatre will add conspicuously to the beauty of the coup d'œil. Behind the front part of the second tier, extending the whole width of the house, is a commodious saloon, tastefully fitted up.—Even with the lower gallery, which is very spacious, are slips, so constructed as to leave the view from the gallery entirely open from every part; and the pit is somewhat larger and better laid out than the old one.—The entire building reflects much credit upon the artists engaged in its erection, and is admirably calculated to ensure to the proprietors an accession to their extensive patronage.

#### The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre re-opened on Wednesday night, with the opera of *False Alarms*, and *Giovanni in London*. On the Monday preceding, the masked festival was repeated with alterations. Sylvester Daggerwood, and a scene from the Mayor of Garratt, were followed by the 'grand entrée of the Champion of England, with the ceremony of giving the defiance,' and all the appropriate costume 'on Horses.' The exhibition was, however, not very splendid, and was much surpassed at the other house, to which we turn.

COVENT GARDEN.—The extensive stage of this theatre was, perhaps, never employed to so much advantage as on Monday night, in the revival of the second part of Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth*. The play was admirably performed. Macready's Henry was a touching and powerful representation of a regal spirit sinking under disease, but yet retaining 'the ruling passion strong in death.' Farren's Justice Shallow was one of his very best characters, and we never saw the lack-brain ma-



gistrate so well represented. These, however, were objects of minor interest when compared with the coronation, which developed its glories at the conclusion of the play. The first scene was the procession to Westminster Abbey. The pageant moved along a crimson path, curtained with crimson cloth, escutcheoned with royal emblems. The costume of the nobility of England was very rich, and the liveries of the attendants were stiff and sparkling with every ornament of the old costly time of coronation. In the procession, were dukes and duchesses, bishops and beadles, heralds and herbowmen, judges, lawyers, sheriffs, &c. &c. Mr. Kemble was the monarch, and looked the character extremely well. The second scene displayed Westminster Abbey; Henry the Seventh's chapel with the window illuminated, and the ceremony of crowning, which was very imposing. The final scene was the grand banquet in Westminster Hall, where the champion entered on his white charger, and boldly challenged to defend his sovereign's right to the crown. The whole was very magnificent, and announced for repetition amidst the greatest applause.

**Mr. Mathews.**—This gentleman, on concluding his fourth season 'At Home,' on Saturday the 16th inst. delivered the following farewell address:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—It has been said, and I believe truly, that every man, however gifted by talents and cultivated by learning, has some point in his character open to the attacks of flattery and accessible to the assaults of vanity. To partake of this weakness, therefore, in common with the clever and the wise, is a disgrace to no man. Be this as it may, I freely acknowledge myself, albeit neither learned nor wise,—in the highest degree vain, and to the greatest extent susceptible of flattery. The flattery of which I speak is your undiminished approbation and applause, and the vanity which I think so excusable as to make it my boast, arises from the belief that no man, by his own single exertions, ever was so fortunate as to excite the public notice and attention for so long a period as I have had the happiness of exciting your's. This evening will close the 160th performance in which I have stood alone before you; and I may, therefore, with truth assert—what few in the world, perhaps, can assert so truly—that I have passed 160 evenings with unmixed pleasure, for I have seen nothing around me but cheerful friends and happy faces. If this world be, indeed, what we are told it is, a world of trouble and care, how gratified should he feel who (for a few hours, at least,) can banish those demons from the hearts of his friends; and, believing as my vanity (pardonable vanity I trust,) induces me to believe, that I have been the

happy means of accomplishing this desirable end, I confess my gratifications will be unbounded and complete, provided you allow me the pleasure of anticipating as cheerful a meeting next year; and, in the mean time, accept with gracious kindness my heartfelt thanks and most respectful farewell.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—Mr. Dibdin's celebrated piece, the *Heart of Midlothian*, was produced, on Monday, at this theatre, and was played effectively to a crowded audience. The characters were respectably sustained. Mrs. Egerton plays Madge Wildfire, and receives unbounded applause. The scenery and costume are appropriate.

### Literature and Science.

Mr. Valpy has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, a collection from the works of the most celebrated poets of Italy, from the end of the twelfth to the beginning of the 19th century, accompanied by biographical and critical accounts of their lives and writings. The work, which it is calculated will extend to forty-eight parts, will be under the direction of William Roscoe, Esq. the elegant author of the *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*.

A poor blind man, of the name of James Watson, of Edinburgh, has invented and brought to perfection, a musical instrument which unites the power of two violincellos; it has a range of sixty-four semi-tones, and more could be added if necessary. He plays on this instrument himself, with a remarkable degree of practical dexterity.

A desideratum in Scotch history; the long lost MS. of Sir Geo. Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh, has been recently discovered, and is now published. It is a history of the affairs of Scotland, from the restoration of Charles the Second to the death of the author, in 1691. About four years ago, a large mass of papers was brought to a grocer in Edinburgh, and purchased by him for the humblest purposes of his trade. From these his curiosity induced him to select a MS. volume, which appeared to be something of an historical nature. He handed it to Dr. McCrie, the well-known author of the *Lives of Knox and Melville*, who, on examining the volume, soon discovered, from its tenor and contents, that it was the composition of Sir Geo. Mackenzie, and that in truth it must be a portion of the history of his own times, so long a

desideratum in Scottish literature. This was most satisfactorily and decisively ascertained.

### The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*  
LUCRETIVS.

**Fontenelle.**—This agreeable author lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and preserved his wit to the last. A lady of nearly equal years said to him one day in a large company, 'Monsieur, you and I stay here so long, I have a notion death has forgotten us.'—'Speak as low as you can, Madam,' replied Fontenelle, 'lest you should remind him of us; the proverb says, the sleeping lion must not be roused.'

**The Grace of God in Dollars.**—I met a fat plumped-faced speculator the other day, staggering under a heavy canvass bag. With true yankee freedom, I asked what he had in his bag: 'the grace of God,' replied the wag. Ah, said I, I have often heard of that article, but never saw it in a bag. By this time he had slipped his hand into the bag, and taking out a dollar, 'there,' said he, '*Dei Gratia*, Ferdinand VII. is stamped upon the face of every dollar in the bag.' I was surprised to hear a speculator say he had the 'grace of God,' especially such a load as to stagger under it; but, upon explaining himself, my surprise ceased, and I smiled. He had cleared three hundred dollars that morning, by the sale of public papers. He was too much pleased with the abundance of his grace to stand discussing nice points, and we parted.—*Amer. Paper.*

**Bon Mot of Voltaire.**—Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies, when Voltaire thus accosted him:—'My lord, I know you are a judge; which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies?'—'Upon my word,' replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind, 'I am no connoisseur in paintings.'—Sometime after this, Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield. A lady in company, prodigiously pained, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, and tapped him on the shoulder, saying, 'Sir, take care you are not captivated.'—'My lord,' replied the French wit, 'I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours.'



**Good Kings.**—(From the French of the celebrated M. Mercier.)—In the sixteenth century, a certain person inscribed, in the circumference of a farthing, the names of all the good kings, ancient and modern, and still there was room left. I wish this fancy were renewed in our days, as there is some humour in it, and that this fine coin were current.

O happy farthing, decorated with the names of good kings, thou would'st, in my opinion, exceed the finest quadruples; and I would wear thee at my button-hole!

Let us all assist in composing this uncommon farthing. Let us recapitulate the names to be admitted, and those that should be rejected. Though this work would not be very voluminous, it would require much accuracy and understanding.

I admire that fine expression of Montesquieu:—'Clemency is the distinguishing quality of monarchs.' Monarchs obtain so much by clemency, it is followed by so much affection, so much glory attends, it that it is almost ever a great happiness for them to have opportunities of exerting it.

**Singular Custom, at Westwickham, in Kent.**—In rogation week, there is an odd custom in the country, about Keston and Wickham, in Kent. A number of young men meet together for the purpose, and, with a most hideous noise, run into the orchards, and encircling each tree, pronounce these words:—

Stand fast, root; bear well, top;  
God send us a *yeuling* sop!  
E'ry twig, apple big;  
E'ry bough, apple enow.

For this incantation, the confused rabble expect a gratuity in money or drink, which is no less welcome. But if they are disappointed in both, they, with great solemnity, anathematize the owners and trees with altogether as insignificant a curse.

'It seems highly probable,' says Mr. Hasted, in his History of Kent, 'that this custom has arisen from the ancient one of perambulation among the heathens, when they made their prayers to the gods for the use and blessing of the fruits coming up, with thanksgiving for those of the preceding year. And as the heathens supplicated Eolus, the god of the winds, for his favourable blasts, so in this custom they still retain his name with a very small variation, the ceremony being called *yeuling*, and the word is often used in this in their invocations.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

THE attention of Advertisers is particularly called to the peculiar advantages that must result from their Advertisements being placed in the columns of *The Literary Chronicle*, over any weekly or daily publication. Besides finding a station in a work not merely of immediate but of permanent interest and constant reference, it must be obvious that they come directly before the eye and under the notice of intelligent readers, who are looking for novelties in literature and subjects connected with the Arts and Sciences. Far different are the views of the readers of diurnal journals, where the news of the day is the principal object of pursuit, and where the crowded miscellaneous advertisements bury or exclude those for which a literary paper is evidently a fitter medium.

\*\*\* To insure regular insertion, it is requested that Advertisements may be sent by Thursday, at the latest, the extent of the weekly impression of the *Literary Chronicle*, requiring that the work should go to press early.

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W. PINNOCK respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that he has on sale, variously mounted and ornamented, Addison's NEW and IMPROVED GLOBES, which, from their superior elegance and correctness, have obtained the Manufacturer the distinguished honour of being Patronized by, and appointed GLOBE MAKER to, His Most Gracious Majesty GEORGE IV.

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W. PINNOCK has the honour of announcing to the Nobility and Gentry, that he has constantly on Sale a Choice and Elegant Assortment of SUPERIOR-TONED PIANO-FORTES, which, for brilliancy and sweetness of tone, delicacy of touch, the valuable quality of keeping in tune, and durability, are unrivalled. That the Public may be assured of the correctness of W. P.'s pretensions to superiority in this respect, he begs to observe, that it is his invariable practice to offer no Instrument for sale that he cannot safely warrant for the qualities above described, in proof of which, he undertakes to exchange any Piano-Forte which may be purchased of him, if not approved, within three months after the delivery, from any part of the kingdom.

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## TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'POETICAL COINCIDENCES,' and a continuation of the Reviews of 'Sir Robert Porter's Travels,' and 'An Autumn near the Rhine,' in our next.

An Inquirer is informed, that we are not inattentive to the Coronation, but the various interesting details published in our volume for last year, places us very far in advance of our literary contemporaries on this subject. The Coronation will, however, form an interesting article in our ensuing number.

Cambro is not forgotten.

The communications of Civis, Mr. Lockhart, and H. A., have been received.

We have received two memorials from Anybody, but we cannot find room for either of them.

E. G. B. is requested to send to our office for a letter on Monday.

A Correspondent's notice of Mr. Edward's pictures in the Royal Academy, in our next.

\*\*\* The full price will be given by our Publisher, for saleable copies of No. 103, 104, 105, 106, 108, and 109, of the Country Literary Chronicle. Both Editions of *The Literary Chronicle* becoming very scarce, regular Subscribers are advised to complete their sets without delay.

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